

7/6
F O U R
S A T I R E S:

Translated from the
L A T I N,
I N T O
E N G L I S H V E R S E.

*Wisely the Springs of Action we conceal:
Thus Sordidness is Prudence, Fury, Zeal.
Ambition makes the Publick Good its Care,
And Hypocrites the Mask of Saintship wear.* POPE.

To which are added,
Some OCCASIONAL POEMS
On Various SUBJECTS.

————— *Minuentur atrae
Carminæ Curæ.* HORAT.

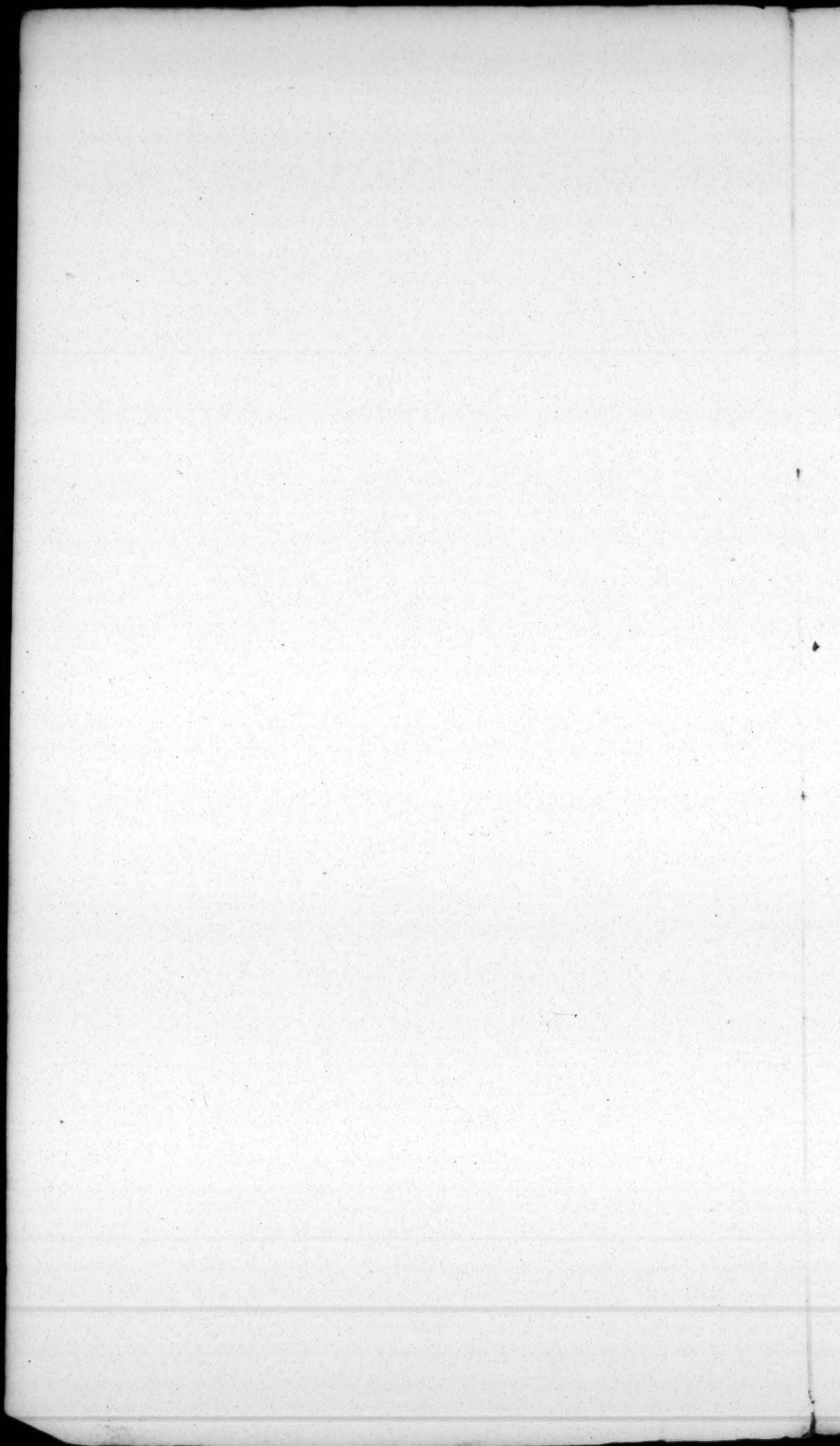
By a GENTLEMAN,
Late of BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

L O N D O N,
Printed for the A U T H O R.
M.DCC.XLIII.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

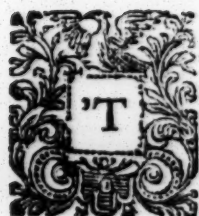
 *HE following SATIRES were originally published in the Latin Tongue, in the Year 1735, by a Native of Holland; a Gentleman scarce more distinguished by his extraordinary Genius, and great Knowledge in the Liberal Sciences, than the Misfortunes he sustained through his Generosity, by being bound for his Friend in a large Sum of Money, which occasioned his Confinement, and was, probably, the Cause of his Death under it.*

The personal Acquaintance I had with a Gentleman of such uncommon Talents, and the Pleasure I took in perusing his SATIRES, were the Motives which induced me to attempt a Translation of them into English Verse: Whether I have done my Author Justice, or not, must be left to the Judgment of the candid Reader.





S A T I R E I.
A G A I N S T
P O E T A S T E R S,
A N D T H E
I T C H o f S C R I B B L I N G.



IS apt to Thought the Owner understands
His fix'd Possessions best, and fruitful
Lands.

The Farmer nearly counts his future Gains, }
When Harvest's in, and hous'd the ripen'd Grain ;
His Flock, the Shepherd on the flow'ry Plain. }
Nor does the Heir, his Father under Ground,
Five Hundred left, expect a Thousand Pound.
In Objects proper to the Touch, or Sight,
Few can mistake, most Men will judge aright.

Not

Not so the Mind's deep Faculties are known ;
 There Each dreams all Perfections are his own.
 Scarce One has Wealth enough : But (vain Pretence !)
 Each prattling *Zany* boasts a Mint of Sense.
 To gain a large Estate demands much Toil,
 And great the Cost, to raise the tow'ring Pile.
 Each Courtier can a Statesman's Province hit ;
 Preside in Council ; for each Post is fit :
 Yet none mistake their Talents, none are Tools,
 Like the learn'd Pedant, and the letter'd Fools.
 Save some, of Worth approv'd, the modest Few,
 Who've learnt that useful Task, themselves to know ;
 The rest, (usurping Tribe) of scanty Fame,
 Deserve no Title less than That they claim.
 The meanest Dabler in the Learned Arts,
 Has reach'd the Summit, is a Man of Parts.
 With haughty Arrogance elate, looks down
 On all, whose Works have gain'd, deserv'd Renown.
 Yet they might still enjoy their empty Pride,
 Wou'd they but lay the dang'rous Pen aside.
 They needs must publish : And (the Devil's in't)
 E'er they read well, proclaim the Fool in Print.
 Vain-glorious One obtrudes th' Abortive Birth
 Of low Conceit, before its Time brought forth.

Another loads his Shelves with gilt-back'd Books,
 But ne'er into each labour'd Volume looks.
 The Index he consults with cunning Care,
 And reads them backward, like a Witch, her Pray'r.
 The learned Treasures quaintly thence explores,
 And voids of Wit his undigested Stores.
 'Twere hard to say, by what prodigious Ways
 They gull th' unthinking Crowd with senseless Lays.
 Now in a Paper War the Chiefs engage,
 With Nonsense, num'rous Pages fill'd, and Rage.
 Like fond *Narcissus* o'er the wat'ry Plain,
 Their own reflected Image makes them vain.
 One pants for Fame, with Itch of Praise elate;
 Another hopes Magnificence of State.
 For Pay some mercenary Sheets indite,
 And let their Brains for Hire, as *Switzers* fight.
 Nor are they all mistaken in their Ends;
 Success, tho' undeserv'd, on some attends.
 Some Fools there are, as if in Wit's despight,
 Who fondly judge as ill as they can write.
 Who can forbear, when such rank Folly's seen,
 In strongest Terms, to vent his honest Spleen?
 Better the Art of Printing ne'er was known,
 Than such vile Scribblers shou'd infest the Town.

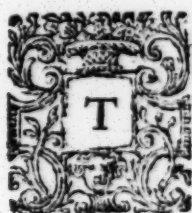
One *Chærilus*, of old, wrote doggrel Verse;
 Each Village now spawns forth a rhyming Ass.
 Should some old Sage uprear his awful Head,
 Reviewing Earth from Regions of the Dead;
 How wou'd the Bard behold, with just Surprise,
 What letter'd Lumber loads most Libraries!
 'Twas rare, of old, to find a Servant fit,
 With ready Hand, to pen his Master's Wit:
 Now Sheets are struck, in twinkling of an Eye,
 Which to transcribe wou'd ask St. *Barnaby*.
 Nor is it strange these worthless Volumes sell,
 Since Gain's their Aim, — their Brothers sped so well.

FORGIVE the Muse, ye far-fam'd Learned Few,
 By Worth exempted from the scribbling Crew.
 Nor are our Days, with Dullness quite o'ercast;
 Some shining Lights dare Envy's strongest Blast.
 Your Works will live, when C——r's Odes decay;
 Consign'd to Pastry-Cooks, to Moths a Prey.
 While those we spare, who, with suspicious Leer,
 Self-concious, deem themselves the stricken Deer.
 Our Faults we own: Excuse an Author's Fate:
 He'd ne'er turn'd Poet, had he an Estate.



S A T I R E II.

F A M E.



THE Man who values not an honest Name,
May scorn Applause, and make a Mock at
F A M E.

With fond Conceit, and over-weening Pride,
Spurn at the Suffrage of the World beside.

Wou'd you not think him mad, who'd thus controul
The nat'ral Impulse of the human Soul?

Each panting Bosom feel's th' enliv'ning Flame;
Though base the Means, the Motive is the same.
Some, least their villainous Exploits shou'd die,
Glory'd in Shame, were proud of Infamy.

* A sacrilegious Hand once wrap'd in Flame
Chaste *Dian's* Temple, to preserve a Name.

* *Herostatus* the Tyrant, who burnt the famous Temple of *Diana*,
at *Ephesus*.

* Th' *Athenian Misanthrope* to Defarts ran,
 Fam'd for his Hatred to ungrateful Man.
 Countless their List, who, fir'd by Glory's Charms,
 Excell'd in lib'ral Arts, or shone in Arms:
 No Toil declin'd, e'en Dangers fresh inspire;
 Nor threat'ning Death cou'd quench the gen'rous Fire.
 Some by vile Means, some just, thro' various Ways,
 Contend for Honour, and thirst after Praise.
 Those dauntless Heroes claim our loud Applause,
 Who bravely fought in their dear Country's Cause.
 Ill fare the Man who first wag'd impious Wars,
 And gash'd his Neighbour with injurious Scars.
 Both Poles resound the † *Macedonian* Name;
 What mighty Deeds his high Desert proclaim?
 Like the fierce prowling Wolf, with lawless Might
 He roam'd, and plunder'd Nations of their Right.
 With more than savage Fury rag'd around,
 And stain'd with guiltless Blood the blushing Ground.
 Mad to be own'd the World's imperious Lord;
 Bow'd to by all, and like a God ador'd.
 Not fam'd *Herostratus*, nor *Timon's* Hate,
 (Believe me Sirs) deserv'd a harsher Fate.

* *Timon of Athens*, call'd the *Man-hater*.

† *Alexander the Great*.

But o'er-grown Knaves are crown'd with Glory's Wreath,
 While little Villains meet a shameful Death.
 In Fame's Career, so blind are vulgar Eyes,
 Transcendant Crimes oft' gain the richest Prize.
 Whatever Arts th' Ingenious might pursue,
 At Praise aspiring, kept the Goal in View :
 By useful Studies, built on Axioms just,
 May their Names live, and blossom in the Dust.
 Or those, who first enacting wholesome Laws,
 Secur'd each Man's Estate, his Life, his Cause.
 Or the just Prince, by whose impartial Sway
 His Subjects flourish, and with Joy obey.
 The Patriot, by whose Council, more than Arms,
 His Country prosper'd, safe from threat'ning Harms.
 Who by rare Arts, high Offspring of the Mind,
 Smooth'd the rough Mass, and polish'd Humankind.
 Or with bright Genius blest'd, those Arts improv'd
 To Life's Advantage, and the common Good.
 While Shame's their Lot, and universal Hate,
 Whose crafty Wiles oppress'd the publick State.
 Who held of Government the guiding Reins,
 And gaul'd their Country with inglorious Chains :

Amassing Heaps of Wealth by fraudulent Toil,
 And built their Greatness on a Nation's Spoil.
 Or who presiding at the Council-Board,
 Betray'd his Trust, and wrong'd his easy Lord.
 Or who by impious Glosses, Foes to Truth,
 Of holy Fear despoil'd the Minds of Youth.
 Better that dark Oblivion's fable Veil
 Might shroud their titled Names, their Crimes conceal.
 Better in low Estate, with homely Food,
 They'd liv'd content, and di'd obscurely good.
 True FAME's the noblest Treasure we can boast;
 Which fulli'd once, the Sweets of Life were lost.
 A fair Report will always recommend
 To social Kindness, and a needful Friend.
 None but those form'd in Nature's finest Mould,
 Of peerless Worth, in conscious Virtue bold,
 In FAME's immortal Volume are enroll'd. }
 Yet Honour's milder Beams let none despise,
 Though less the Lustre glares, and sooner dies.
 Since fewer Storms assail Life's humble Sphere,
 And Death's the Universal Leveller.



S A T I R E III.

A V A R I C E.



OO!L, dost thou still bewail thy adverse Fate?

Learn true Contentment; 'tis the happy State.

“ What, live surcharg'd with Grief, and not

“ complain ?

“ Enjoy Affliction's Goad, and smile in Pain ? ”

Have dire Misfortunes made your Mind unsound ?

Or fell Diseases struck the fest'ring Wound ?

Have you not Food and Raiment, to defend

From shiv'ring Cold and Want ? that meagre Fiend !

Nor Conscience stings your Soul with fix'd Remorse

For Heav'n's, or human violated Laws ?

Why then so sad ? “ I've wond'rous Cause, (you cry ;) ”

“ I'm not so rich, and great, as I wou'd be.

“ Why struts Sir *Wealthy* through th' obsequious Crowd,

“ Of large Demefn's, and grand Preferment proud ?

“ My

“ My Birth and Worth can soar an equal Height: ”

True; but the Man is rich, and dubb'd a Knight.

“ No Fear, I hope, of starving, blest'd with Health;

“ But niggard Fate denies abundant Wealth. ”

What Folly to indulge th' aspiring Wish!

T' aim at the Target which you're sure to miss!

You curse your Stars, repine at Providence:

Injurious Plea! irrational Pretence!

Look round the habitable Globe, how few

Can boast an equal Affluence with you?

What Claim to Fortune's Smiles, what Talents giv'n

Boast you, to stand chief Favourite of Heav'n?

Ungrateful Wretch! the larger Number far

Of Fortune's Gifts enjoy a meaner Share.

Nor does sweet Peace, with downy Wings, o'erspread

The Ermine Robe, or gay embroider'd Bed.

The rich Man stands expos'd to Fortune's Streak;

The Shrub escapes, while Lightning blasts the Oak.

In long Accounts of Wealth's immoderate Store,

Mistakes, or Fraud, may make e'en *Cræsus* poor.

Pleasure's true Bounds by few are understood;

Most for a *Juno* grasp a gilded Cloud.

Meerly

Meerly for Pelf indulge the craving Thirst,
 And starve in Plenty, with Abundance curs'd.
 Some, through fond Hopes their Fortune to advance,
 Risque all for Gain, and court each doubtful Chance.
 The proper Ends of Wealth neglected are ;
 Riches, to most Men, prove a dang'rous Snare.
 The cottag'd Peasant feeds on homely Cates
 With keenest Appetite, while costly Meats
 Prove tasteless to the Palate, cloy'd with Sweets.
 Nor does the massy Goblet cheer the Soul
 With purer Bev'rage than the Nut-brown Bowl.
 But you're not rob'd with Pow'r ; the vulgar Gaze !
 And Worth inferior fills the titled Place :
 You're no Chief Justice, nor o'er-rule the Bar ;
 Nor bear the *Olive*, nor denounce the War.
 Take sov'reign *Hellebore*, or breathe a Vein ;
 'Tis not all Gold that dazzles cheated Man.
 Cou'd Monarchs feel that exquisite Delight,
 As one new rais'd to sudden Grandeur's Height ;
 To Glory's Summit we might well aspire ;
 Chief Source of Bliss, fond Object of Desire.

But

But darling Pleasures, oft repeated, cloy ;
 Pall on the Senses, and themselves destroy.
 Honour, like Beauty in a Lover's Arms,
 By long Enjoyment loses half its Charms.
 And while with close Pursuit we keep the Chace,
 The doubling Jilt eludes our vain Embrace.
 But if possess'd, we count our mighty Gains,
 The shining Phantom seldom quits the Pains.
 Were none to taste of Gladness but the Great,
 Reason might justly blame too partial Fate :
 But moody Discontent, and low'ring Care,
 Attend the wealthy Cit, and garter'd Peer.
 'Tis not the Prince enthron'd, nor high-born Lord,
 Nor the rich Miser, with his Golden Hoard,
 To whom the Gods all Happiness afford.
 But a sound Body, and a Mind at Ease,
 Can give substantial Joys, and solid Peace.
 The Miser's Wish by Self-Indulgence grows,
 Infatiate rages, and no Limit knows.

YE gracious Pow'rs ! your needful Bounty grant ;
 Give me Contentment, free from pinching Want.

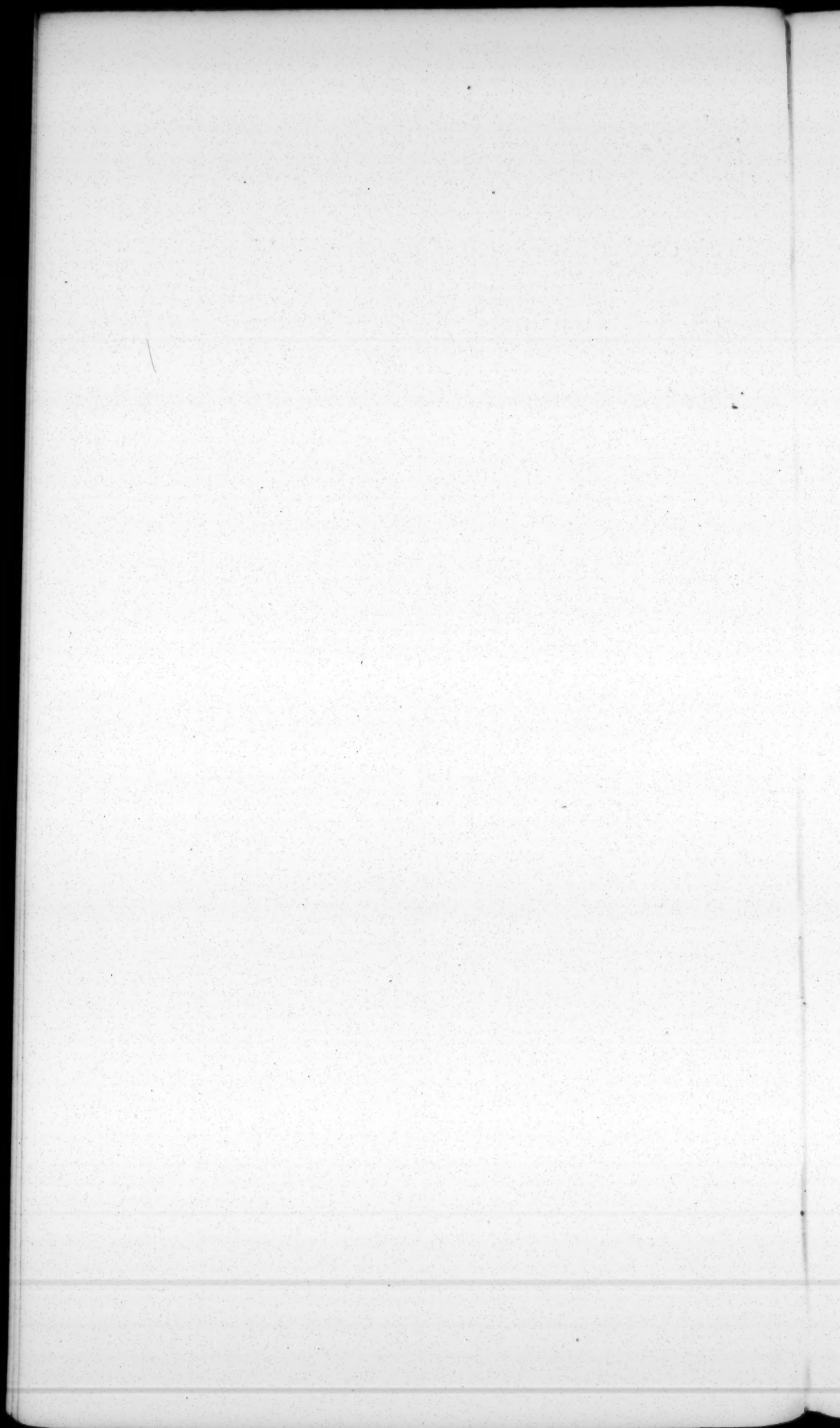
The Man who, of sufficient Wealth possess'd,
Is still repining, ne'er will be at Rest.

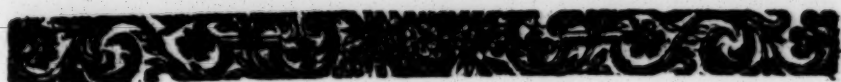
This craving Hunger for superfluous Gold,
Denotes a swelling Dropfy in the Soul.

Be wise, and manage well your Lot assign'd :

True Happinets is seated in the Mind.







SATIRE IV.

AGAINST
DESPONDENCY,
CONCERNING
FUTURE EVENTS.



THINGS present strike each Eye; the
well-judg'd Hope
Is only form'd through Wisdom's Telescope.
This prudent Forecast, fram'd by Reason's Rule,
Distinguishes the Wise Man from the Fool.
This nice Conjecture, by Experience taught:
Man's great Prerogative, a reas'ning Thought!
Without this Guide, this Soul-enlight'ning Flame,
The Brute and Human Nature were the same.

The grazing Ox enjoys his present Food,
 Nor future Hunger dreads, nor Winter's Flood,
 The scaly Brood devour the wriggling Bait,
 Regardless of the lurking steely Fate.
 The reas'ning Mind, which actuates the Will,
 Forms the just Prefage both of Good and Ill.
 Publick Affairs, nor private, well succeed,
 Without some Guess at what's by Fate decreed.
 Why Time's dark dusty Records turn we o'er,
 And with vast Pains mysterious Truths explore,
 If vain the Search? Nor guiding Clew can give
 To steer us through the puzzling Maze of Life?
 Nought new occurs: What hap'd in former Days,
 Revolving still, in thine may come to pass.
 Like Causes will the like Effects produce;
 What Ages have brought forth, will come in Use,
 Some Embrio's will elude e'en *Linceus'* Eye,
 Form'd in the Womb of dark Futurity.
 Which Heav'n's unerring Wisdom has conceal'd,
 By no divining Pow'rs to Man reveal'd:
 Lest human Pride shou'd vaunt itself above
 The Care of Providence, and ruling *J O V E*.

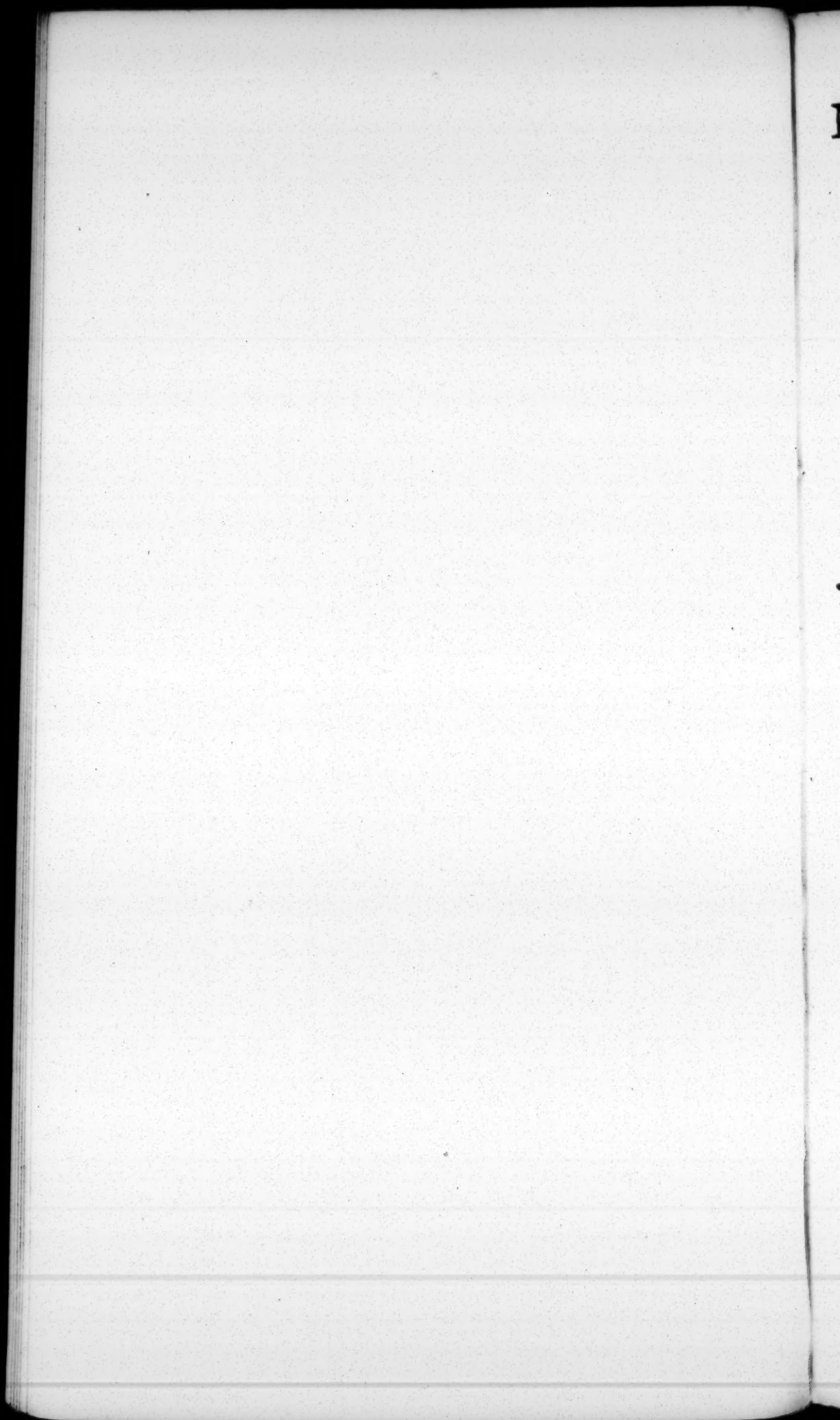
To trace th' Event of Things to Man is giv'n :
 Fore-knowledge is an Attribute of Heav'n.
 Some Depths there are, some Mysteries profound,
 Which Reason's short-lin'd Plummēt ne'er can found.
 Rash were th' Attempt ; a Crime to know too much ;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.
 Seek not to learn what Joys or Woes attend
 Life's various Progreſs, or appointed End.
 'Twere Labour loſt ; but were the Knowledge ſure,
 How few our Joys, what Woes might we endure ?
 Foreſeen Miſfortunes are the ſoonest found ;
 Strike afar off, and at a Diſtance wound.
 Had *Thetis* ne'er fore-known *Achilles'* Fate,
 The Mother's Grief had bore a ſhorter Date.
 While future Storms we dread, the faireſt Gales
 Can give no Joy, nor ſwell Life's crowded Sails.
Cæſar had wept in his triumphant Car,
 Amid the Spoils and Trophies of the War ;
 Had he believ'd the *Pythian* Prophecy,
 In fatal Ides of *March* himſelf ſhou'd die.
 'Twere Folly, were it poſſible, to trace
 Our fix'd Departure hence, our Length of Days.

Were you foretold, by some prophetick Sage,
 The circling Rounds of hoary *Nestor's* Age ;
 Th' ascertain'd Time, though distant, wou'd bestow
 Sorrow prolong'd ; three Centuries of Woe
 When Life's predestin'd Period drew near,
 Each Month wou'd seem an Hour, a Day each Year.
 The Criminal condemn'd in Life's fresh Flow'r,
 Thus knows his Doom, and waits the fatal Hour :
 He's soon dispatch'd ; while you, with ling'ring Breath,
 Survive in Pain, and feel a living Death.
 To flatt'ring Hope we owe our chiefest Bliss :
 The Wise Man's View anticipates his Wish.
 The palsy'd Eld still fond of Life appears ;
 With fault'ring Speech, dim Eyes, and rheumy Tears,
 Sobs forth, " Old *Nestor* liv'd three hundred Years." }
 When burning Fevers foil the Doctor's Art,
 The worn-out Wretch, unwilling to depart,
 Still fondly hopes ; since some, perhaps, were cur'd
 Of the Disease which he has long endur'd.
 The luckless Suff'rer cheers his drooping Mind,
 Since Trouble is the Birth-right of Mankind.

What

What fairer Means cou'd Providence ordain,
 To soothe the Frailties of short-sighted Man?
 Fore-knowledge might afflict; Hope's our Relief,
 The softest Balm for each corroding Grief.
 Virtue's the surest Guard: the guilty Mind
 Is toss'd by Fears, like Billows by the Wind:
 Appal'd, forebodes impending Wrath to come,
 For secret Crimes, and ante-dates irs Doom.
 Keep Innocence: then, rest devoid of Fear;
 And leave the Future to Heav'n's watchful Care.





MISCELLANY POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

IN

LATIN and *ENGLISH*.

Minuentur atræ

Carminè Curæ.

HORAT.

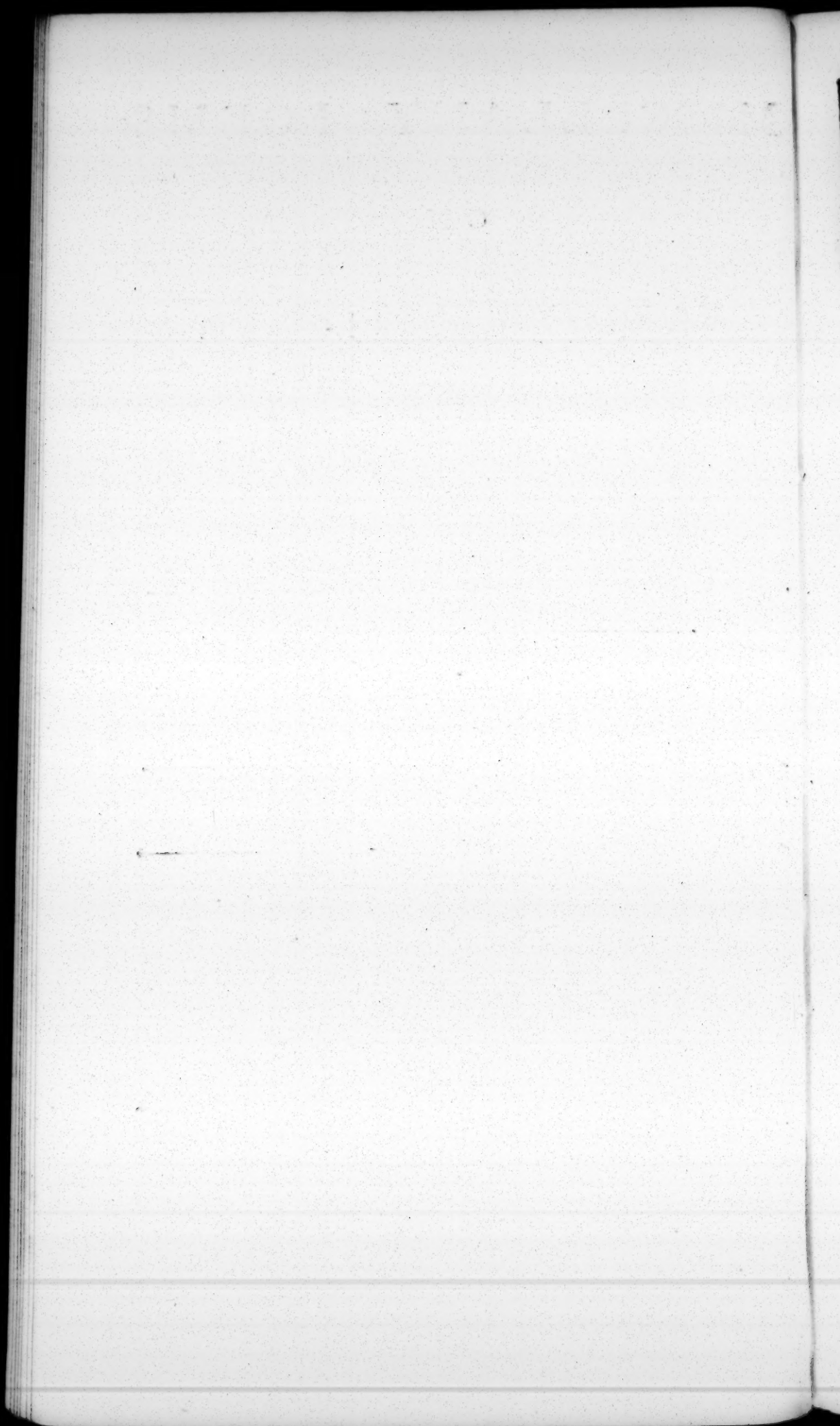
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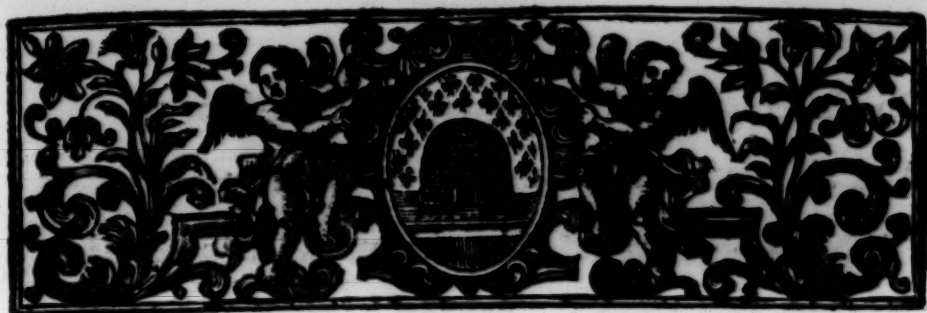


L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR,

M.DCC.XLIII.





A
D E S C R I P T I O N
O F A
RUNNING HORSE,
CALLED
WHITE-STOCKINGS,
And his Beating
F E A R - N O T
O N
MARLBOROUGH DOWNS.



FROM gen'rous Sire, of the *Arabian* Breed
Descended, sing, my Muse, the sprightly
Steed.

Full fifteen Hands denote his measur'd
Height ;

A dappled Grey attracts th' admiring Sight.

On Pasterns firm with comely Pride he stands,
 And all around th' extended View commands.
 His Neck high-arch'd, like the curv'd Rain-bow, bends;
 From his thin Crest the flowing Mane descends.
 His glowing Eye-balls dart Æthereal Fires;
 From his wide Nostrils curling Smoak aspires.
 Deep Chest, and finest Shoulders, strike the View
 With matchless Strength at once, and Beauty too.
 Flat finewy Legs support the finish'd Frame,
 Of silver Hue, expressive of his Name.

THE Drum beats Sign to mount: he snorts, he bounds;
 And drinks attentive th' animating Sounds.
WHITE-STOCKINGS first advances to the Goal;
 Fame swells his Breast, and fills his ardent Soul.
 His Rival challenging, he neighs aloud,
 And foams impatient 'mid the thronging Crowd.
 See! *FEAR-NOT* comes! Fire flashing from his Eyes,
 Enters the List, and meditates the Prize.
 With eager Speed to Conquest both aspire:
 Beneath their Feet the green-swathe Downs retire.
 The Signal giv'n, they wing their swift Career,
 Impetuous start, and snuff the ambient Air.

Now

Now Side by Side they pour along the Plain,
 Spring to the Lash, nor hear the guiding Rein :
 Close wedg'd they jostle, now together join ;
 Deceive the distant View, and seem but One.

As when to grace his lov'd *Patroclus* slain,
 The rushing Chariots smooak along the Plain,
 At *Peleus'* Son's Command ; with rapid Pace
 The stretching Courfers wing the dusty Race.
 Fir'd with the destin'd Prize, each Charioteer
 Plies the loud Lash, and speeds the flying Car.
 While gallant Heroes, and fair *Grecian* Dames,
 Applaud the grateful Sports, and instituted Games.
 The Pink-clad Rider now, with cautious Skill,
 Restrains his panting Courser 'gainst the Hill :
 Courts a relieving Breeze, and checks his Speed ;
 Bears on the Bit, and curbs the flying Steed.
 With prudent Management, and thoughtful Care,
 On *FEAR-NOT* waits, and gallops in the Rear.
 The Summit gain'd, he pours adown the Steep,
 Like some fwol'n Torrent rushing to the Deep.
 Now whirls the sounding Whip, with armed Heel
 His Sides impurpling, strikes the pungent Steel.

Stung

Stung to the Quick, the Steed exerts his Strength,
 Shoots forward to the Stroak, and gains a Length :
 Born on *Pegasean* Wings, out-strips the Wind,
 And leaves his blowing Rival just behind.
 Applauding Shouts ascend the vaulted Sky,
 And seem to promise Golden Victory.

THE Steed encourag'd hopes th' important Day,
 Extends his Nostrils, and devours the Way.
 The *Distance-Flag* pass'd by, still leads the Van,
 While *FEAR-NOT* feels the lancing Spur in vain.
 The sobbing Racer droops, nor keeps his Ground,
 Though oft' the Groom inflicts the bleeding Wound :
 Exerts his utmost Skill, but all in vain ;
 Hangs o'er his Horse, and shakes the loosen'd Rein.
WHITE-STOCKINGS gains the Goal, demands the
 Prize ;

While shouting Crouds pursue him with their Eyes.
 With loud Acclaim th' appointed Umpires yield
 The well-contested Honours of the Field :
 While the shrill Trumpet's Silver Blasts proclaim
 The Conquest gain'd, and sound the Victor's Fame.

CELIA's



CELIA'S PORTRAITURE.



WHEN fam'd *Apelles* drew the *Paphian* Queen,

From various Charms he cull'd each beauteous

Mien ;

So Nature, when she form'd this lovely Face,

View'd all her fairest Works, and took from each a Grace.

What Pencil can describe, what Verse express

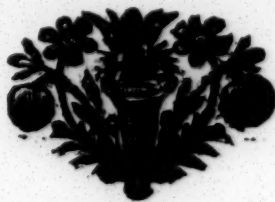
Those Charms, where Beauty dwells in such Excess ?

This finish'd Piece, in Pride of Nature wrought,

Transcends the Painter's Quill, and Poet's Thought.

Like youthful *Phaeton*, in his bright Career,

Kindling Love's Flames, she sets the World on Fire.





On Seeing A
 Beautiful Young L A D Y
 A T A
 CONCERT OF MUSICK.

I.



W HILE at the CONCERT *CELIA* shines,
 Her Look each Breast alarms ;
 Each pays his Vows at Beauty's Shrine,
 And feels her dazzling Charms.

II.

Her Skin's, as the soft Plumage, white,
 Which silver *Swans* disclose :
 And in her damask Cheeks unite
 The *Lilly* and the *Rose*.

III.

Her Lips such fragrant **Sweets** convey,
 That blush with crimson Hue ;
 As kissing Zephyrs steal away
 From Flow'rs, impearl'd with Dew.

. The

IV.

The Instruments, with lulling Air,
And Strains that sweetly wound ;
Seem pleas'd to soothe the list'ning Fair,
And languish into Sound.

V.

Musick's whole Force, if she approve,
Exults in sprightlier Air :
But yields, though 'tis the Voice of Love,
Nor knows to move, like Her.

VI.

The *Cyprian* God, in Quest of Prey,
Couch'd in her dimpled Smile ;
In that soft Ambush lurking lay,
And spread his filken Toil.

VII.

Pierc'd by her Charms, my captive Heart,
Fond of Love's pleasing Pains ;
With Rapture hugs each killing Dart,
And triumphs in its Chains.

E

VIII. The

VIII.

The fam'd *Cæsarean* Hero's Boast,
 In me revers'd has prov'd:
 While conquer'd by the blooming Toast,
 I came, I saw, and lov'd.

IX.

So the fond *Moth*, in sportive Play,
 Pleas'd with the Taper's Gleam;
 In flutt'ring Circles courts its Ray,
 And wantons round the Flame.

X.

Thoughtless his Dirge he humming sings,
 'Till kissing fatal Fires;
 He burns his gayly powder'd Wings;
 Then drops, and soon expires.





ADVICE to a PAINTER,

Drawing *CELIA*'s PICTURE.

I.



ARE Artist ! though thy glowing Paint
A *Venus* draw, beware ;
Thy lively'ft Colours are too faint
To trace this matchless Fair.

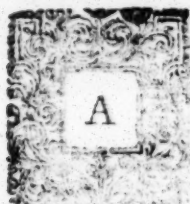
II.

Salmoncus met untimely Fate,
Mocking *JOVE*'s thund'ring Skies ;
As rash th' Attempt to imitate
The Lightning of her Eyes.





T O A
YOUNG LADY,
 O N
VALENTINE'S DAY.



WAKE, my CELIA, all thy Charms display,
 The feather'd Warblers wait thy rising Ray;
 Unveil thy Beauties, and disclose the Day. }

With Thee bright *Phæbus* leaves his wat'ry Bed,
 New gilds the Waves, and rears his beamy Head.
Aurora, viewing too thy brighter Eyes,
 With conscious Blushes paints th' impurpled Skies.

HARK! how the wing'd Musicians of the Grove
 Court their glad Mates, and all consent to love.
 With genial Warmth the *Paphian* Queen inspires,
 And kindling Nature glows with soft Desires.

In

In gentle Murmurs billing Turtles woo,
 And *Venus*' Doves the pleasing Toil pursue.
 With firm Embrace the circling Ivy holds
JOVE's royal Tree, and clings in am'rous Folds.
 All Nature feels Love's Pow'r: Shall *CELIA* prove
 Untouch'd with gen'rous Fires, unmov'd with Love?
Venus forbid: the Sun's enliv'ning Beams
 Unbind the frozen Flood, and gild the Streams:
 The Ice dissolves, the loosen'd Waters roll;
 Are *Cupid*'s Flames more weak? or *CELIA*'s Breast more
 cold?

No: Sov'reign Love extends his wide Command,
 And rides triumphant o'er the Seas, and Land:
 Broods on the Deep, where the still Current flows,
 Amid the Streams each scaly Lover glows;
 And *Venus* warms those Seas from whence she rose. }
 No more, my Fair, resist the pow'rful Boy:
 Yield to his Darts, and give a Loose to Joy.
 While bloomy Youth sits smiling on thy Face,
 Glows in thy Cheeks, and heightens ev'ry Grace;

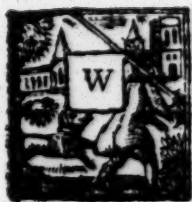
No bashful Blushes shou'd Love's Force restrain,
 When youthful Vigour boils in ev'ry Vein :
 By sportive Nature taught, the Hours improve ;
Spring's the devoted Season, fit for Love.



ON A
 S T A B L E
 IN
 BARTHOLOMEW-CLOSE,

Which was formerly a NUNNERY.

An EPIGRAM, *Extempore*.



HERE pamper'd *Friars* panting di'd
 In cloister'd *Nun's* Embrace ;
 The vig'rous Horse has since supply'd
 His Brother Stallion's Place.



T O
SIGNORA *S T R A D A*,
On Her SINGING in the
O P E R A'S.



O more let Poets boast the *Thracian* Lyre,
Whose sprightly Strains cou'd lift'ning Trees
inspire ;

Whose Magick Numbers tam'd the wildest Beast,
And into Softness calm'd each savage Breast.
Strange Force of Harmony's resistless Charm !
To soothe the spotted *Pard*, its Rage disarm.
Nor fam'd *Amphion*'s Harp, whose moving Tone
Cou'd soften into Life the rugged Stone.
Enchanting Songstrefs ! thy melodious Lay
Can quell our Passions, fiercer far than they.
Your rapt'rous Notes can all their Pow'rs controul,
Command their Springs, and penetrate the Soul.

If

If You, in beauteous ALMIRENA's Strain;
 Of hapless and ill-fated Love complain;
 Or chaunt in mournful Song GRISELDA's Woes,
 Each Bosom sighs, with Tears each Eye o'erflows,
 And sympathizes in the dying Close.

Eccbo, the Nymph transform'd, admires your Song,
 Pleas'd with her Change, which can those Notes prolong;
 And had *Ulysses* heard your tuneful Voice,
 The *Greek*, with Pleasure, wou'd have di'd by Choice.





TO
SIGNORA CUZZONI,

On a REPORT of her being Sentenced to be
Beheaded, for poisoning her Husband.



ALL-FATED *Syren!* whose harmonious Breath
Might soften *JOVE*, and move remorseless
Death.

Murder ! stern Murder ! of an Husband too !
Demands thy Doom, and cuts Life's Thread in two.
So sweet's thy Voice, it almost might persuade
Strict *Justice*' Arm to drop th' up-lifted Blade :
Might soothe its Rage, so soft thy Accents flow ;
And, for a while, suspend the destin'd Blow.
Bewail thy Crime ('tis all thou now canst do)
In melting Numbers, and melodious Woe.
With plaintive Strains avert th' ALMIGHTY's Ire,
And warbling, like the dying *Swan*, expire.



On a BEAUTIFUL
MISTRESS.



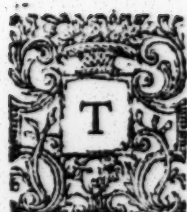
WHEN STREPHON first beheld BELINDA'S
Charms,
He sigh'd, and long'd to revel in her Arms.
The tender Nymph did soon his Suit approve,
Unwilling any Swain should die for Love.
She sooth'd his Flame, and shew'd her Pow'r to save;
Like the fam'd Spear, which heal'd the Wounds it gave.
The yielding Fair her sov'reign Balm conveys,
And her Grant cur'd the Mischief of her Eyes.





*Written during the AUTHOR's Confinement to his
Chamber, having accidentally broke his Leg.*

A N
E P I S T L E
T O A
F R I E N D.



H' imprison'd Lark, whom lonesome Cage
restrains,

In fullen Mood ill brooks unwonted Chains:
If some kind Hand his native Freedom gives,

He prunes his Wings, and with new Joy revives.
From the green Turf high soaring through the Air,
Sings as he mounts, and makes each Note a Stair.
On quiv'ring Pinions cleaves the liquid Sky,
Pleas'd with free Flights, and boundless Liberty.

FROM downy Fetters gaining a Release,
 Thus cloy'd with Bed, and surfeited with Ease;
 To you, my Friend, the Muse her Tribute brings;
 Of Liberty, as that inspires her, sings.
 Though Infant-Strength my feeble Steps restrains,
 And binds my weaken'd Joint in secret Chains;
 The winged Courser scorns to be confin'd,
 Fleets through the Welkin, and out-strips the Wind.

Two changing Moons on restless Couch I lay,
 While the slow Hours pass'd lazily away :
 Nor had *Time* Wings enough to hurry on the Day.
 Low was my Diet, mean my starv'ling Fare,
 And *Barley-Broth* my Drink, for humming *Beer*.
 Lest burning Fevers shou'd inflame my Blood,
 Quickened the Pulse, and taint the Crimson Flood.
 Till rip'ning Time confirm'd the Danger o'er;
 Then *Posset-Drink*, and *Gruel*, pleas'd no more.

STILL narrow Bounds confin'd my lessen'd View;
 My Chamber all the Prospect that I knew.

While

While yellow Harvest crown'd the Fields in vain
 With golden Plenty of each bearded Grain.
 In vain the Meadows wore a lovely Green,
 And various smil'd around the Rural Scene.
 The verdant Meads to me no Prospect yield,
 Nor all the waving Honours of the Field.
 When Strength encreasing calls me from my Couch,
 And asks th' Assistance of the propping Crutch ;
 From the wide Window, with new felt Delight,
 Nature's fair Landscape strikes my ravish'd Sight :
 Where distant Hills in ridgy Order rise,
 Uprear their tow'ring Heads, and prop the Skies ;
 Thither my Eye in beauteous Prospect roves
 O'er purling Rills, and celebrated Groves :
 Through wild'ring Woods, and thorny Brakes I stray ;
 Nor Brakes, nor wild'ring Woods obstruct my Eye-form'
 Way.

So when bleak Winter, chill'd by freezing Winds,
 The Chrystal Flood in Icy Fetters binds :
 The stagnate River forms a glassy Plain ;
 Nor flows in mazy Channels to the Main.

When

When *Phœbus* darts his Ray, whose warmer Beams
 Dissolve the Mass congeal'd, and loose the Streams ;
 The rolling Wave in free *Meanders* glides,
 And winds its Course in gently murm'ring Tides.

HARD by soft *Ijis* rolls its gentle Streams,
 To join its Current with the Silver *Thames* ;
 The pensive Angler here, with curious Skill;
 Attends the taper Rod, and dancing Quill :
 Studious of Sport, near the green Margin waits,
 And lures the scaly Brood with tempting Baits.
 Emblem of Human Life ! thus Pleasure charms
 Th' unwary Youth, and courts him to her Arms :
 With fond Embrace he grasps the glitt'ring Toy,
 Which, *Syren*-like, allures but to destroy.
 Now warbling Songsters entertain my Ears
 With Harmony untaught, and artless Airs.
 In sportive Mood the feather'd Wantons play,
 And chaunt their thrilling Notes on ev'ry Spray.
 Till sweetly th' Ev'ning Nightingale complains,
 And sooths her Grief in soft Love-labour'd Strains ;

While

While list'ning Winds attend her tuneful Woe,
 And, hush'd with lulling Notes, forget to blow;
 When the still Ev'n to downy Rest invites,
 O'ercome by balmy Sleep, I lose the Nights.
 Unless quick Fancy slumb'ring Sense employs
 On self-form'd Scenes, and visionary Joys.

HAIL gentle Sleep! whose Care-beguiling Pow'rs
 Steal on my Brow, and lull my Mid-night Hours.
 Thy numbing Arms assuage the sick Man's Pains;
 Reliev'd by thee, the Wretch no more complains;
 And shackled Slaves forget their gauling Chains. }
 Thou sooth'st the roving Mind with feign'd Delight,
 While Thought-fram'd Phantoms skim before my Sight.
 Through shady Woods I stray in pleasing Dreams,
 And wander near imaginary Streams.
 Phantastick Fields with seeming Verdure smile,
 And mimick Groves imbrown th' enchanted Soil.
 Where gloomy Walks present a cooling Shade,
 And whisp'ring Zeyhyrs breath adown the Glade.

When

When *Phæbus*' early Beams, with rising Ray,
 Call forth the Morning, and disclose the Day ;
 The transitory Landscape fleets away.

}

So tripping Fairies, when new-dawning Light
 Darts through the Gloom, and dissipates the Night ;
 Their airy Revels leave, and Moon-light Sport,
 And to their dusky Prisons swift resort :
 Scar'd at the Morn's Approach, no longer stay,
 But cease their nimble Rounds, and scud away.



A N
E L E G Y
O N

Captain *JOHN PEDDIE.*

LONG Time in Life's tempestuous Ocean tofs'd,
 O'er shifting Quick-sands, near the shelvy Coast;
 Through stormy Tumults of the raging Sea,
 And threat'ning Dangers of the wat'ry Way:
 Preserv'd in Battle, Shipwreck, Troubles past,
 The brave Commander gains his Port at last.
 Peace to thy Manes then, Illustrious Shade!
 In the blest'd Mansions of th' immortal Dead;
 Where Tempests rage no more, nor Foes invade.
 And while through farthest Realms thy spreading Name
 Expanded flies, and fills the Trump of *Fame*,
 May BRITAIN'S Captains, as thy Deeds inspire,
 Copy thy Worth, and emulate thy Fire.

G

CELIA'S.



C E L I A's
C O M P L A I N T
 T O
S T R E P H O N.



O, perjur'd Charmer, dear deluding Swain;
 I'll never trust thy faithless Oaths again.

Go boast, with broken Vows thou hast
 betray'd

A Nymph too credulous, an Artless Maid.
 How oft' hast thou invok'd the Gods above,
 And swore by all the softer Pow'rs of Love,
 Nature shou'd change, e'er you'd inconstant prove?
 The radiant Sun forget his beamy Course,
 And rapid Streams flow backward to their Source?

}

Flow

Flow back, ye Streams ; stand still, great God of Light ;
 All Nature change to *Chaos*' gloomy Night :
 The dear Deserter STREPHON proves unkind,
 False as his Vows, and wav'ring as the Wind.
 Witness, ye conscious Bow'rs, ye shady Groves !
 Soft Scene of blooming Joys, and prosp'rous Loves.
 Witness ye fleeting Hours, that flew so fast ;
 How oft' I chid your swift unpleasing Haste,
 Wing'd with Love's od'rous Sweets, too great to last. }
 Who cou'd refuse such Transports to believe,
 Or think those balmy Lips cou'd e'er deceive ?
 A Face so fair ! such Accents bless'd his Tongue !
 As *Syrens* lovely, faithless as their Song ;
 When list'ning Sailors catch th' enchanting Sound,
 And die to hear those Strains which sweetly wound :
 Charm'd with their Voice, on soft Destruction run ;
 Drink in melodious Death, and hear to be undone.
 My Joys are nipt in Bud, my Turtle's flown :
 Joys cou'd I once forget ! or ne'er had known !
 Whose dear Remembrance must to CELIA prove
 The meagre Ghost of cold departed Love.

IN Summer oft' we row'd up Silver *Thames* ;
 With STREPHON blest'd, I burnt near cooling Streams.
 In vain soft-breathing *Zephyrs* gently blow ;
 They fann'd Love's Fires which in my Bosom glow.
 Now to some fragrant Gardens we repair,
 Where breathing Flow'rs perfume the scented Air ;
 The Gardens smile around ; for Love was there. }
 Here fond *Narcissus* all his Charms displays ;
 Unfolds his bloomy Pride to Solar Rays.
 Here *Vi'lets* blow ; here buds the damask *Rose* ;
 Th' *Iris*-hu'd *Tulip* smiles, the *Sun-flow'r* glows.
 Here gaudy *Flora* decks th' embroider'd Ground,
 And wafts her blended Fragrances around.
 Now seek the gloomy Walks, and cooling Shade,
 While whisp'ring Breezes murmur through the Glade.
 Here faithless STREPHON first his Passion mov'd,
 In warmest Raptures told how much he lov'd.
 Though darksome Shades secur'd from *Phæbus*' Gleams,
 The thickest Shades gave way to *Cupid*'s Beams.
 He press'd my Hand, my rising Bosom kiss'd ;
 I sooth'd his Flame, and favour'd what I wish'd.

The

The pleasing Anguish, and transporting Smart,
 Seiz'd ev'ry Vein, and trickled through my Heart.
 Thus we in melting Joys, and am'rous Play,
 Beguil'd the fleeting Hours, and lov'd the live-long Day.
 The Flow'rs are faded, since my Charmer's gone;
 Gardens look wild, and Groves are Deserts grown:
 Where warbling *Philomel*, in mournful Strains,
 Of *Tereus*' Scorn, as I of thine, complains.

To crowded Theatres we now resort,
 Where buskin'd Lovers make fictitious Court.
 Oft' have I wail'd the injur'd am'rous Dame,
 Pity'd a feign'd, but felt a real Flame.
 Or if the Fair her Hero's Heart had won,
 Approv'd the pleasing Toil, so like my own.
 Since cruel *Strepson* has his Vows betray'd,
 And chang'd his Love for some more happy Maid;
 Soft Scenes displease, with Musick's sprightly Pow'r,
 And crowded Theatres have Charms no more.
 In moving Numbers flighted *Sappho* mourns
 The dear perfidious *Phaon*'s false Returns:

Ungrateful

Ungrateful STREPHON ! Source of all my Woe !
 As *Phaon* lovely ! as inconstant too !

BRIGHT *Paphian* Goddess, heal my raging Pain !
 Convert my injur'd Love to just Disdain.

Avenge thy slighted Honours : may it prove
 Fix'd as my Wrongs, and great, as once my Love.
 My Pray'rs are heard : To Rage soft Passion turns,
 With Scorn my Bosom glows, with Fury burns.

Now, perjur'd Traitor, my Resentment hear ;
 You wrong'd my Love ; attend my latest Pray'r.
 May'st thou, like me, by racking Torments torn,
 Adore a Nymph, and bear her sharpest Scorn.

May'st thou feel nought of Love, except its Pain ;
 Be doom'd to languish, treated with Disdain.

Shou'd'st thou to HYMEN's sacred Rites aspire,
 May chilling Damps put out the Mystic Fire ;
 Unhappy Omen of great JUNO's Ire.

May'st thou the soft Endearments never prove
 Of mutual Joys, and chaste Connubial Love.

May

May cank'ring Grief distract thy treach'rous Breast,
 And yellow Jealousy disturb thy Rest.
 And to compleat thy Peace-consuming Pain,
 Court welcome Death for Ease, but sue in vain.
 May *Proserpine* refuse to heal thy Mind,
 Shun thy Embrace, and prove, like thee, unkind.



TO A
F R I E N D,
ON HIS
TRANSLATION
OF A
FRAGMENT from the *GREEK*.



W HILE mov'd with secret Pleasure, we peruse
The melting Stroaks of your judicious Muse;
Though long unrival'd, we can boast, at last,
The *Grecian* by a *British* Bard surpass'd.

So elegant's thy Version, one might call

His but a Copy, Thine th' Original.

Where Art and Nature mutually combine,

In the sad Pomp of solemn Sorrow shine :

Improve each Thought, and on each Hint refine.

Your plaintive Strains, in soft melodious Woe,

Nervous, though sweet ; correct, yet smoothly flow.

So deepest Streams in gentle Murmurs glide,

While shallow Currents swell the noisy Tide.



A FAMILIAR
E P I S T L E
T O A
F R I E N D.

*Written during the AUTHOR's Confinement to his
Chamber, having accidentally broke his Leg.*

S I R,



CONGRATULATING your Return

From Western Journey, safe to Town ;

Accept this Trifle, and excuse

Th' officious Welcome of the Muse.

Nor wonder if my Verse runs lame,

Well knowing whence the Offspring came.

Besides, too sparingly I've quaff'd

Th' inspiring Juice, with shallow Draught ;

And soon shall want a fresh Supply :

No Wonder *Helicon's* so dry.

H

Nor

Nor will *Castalian* Waters flow,
When ebbing *Claret* runs so low.

As Leisure serves, be pleas'd to hear
The Hours I spend in *Surry* Air ;
Expecting very little Wit ;
For, faith, if not, you're fairly bit.
Then thus. ——— At Ten, perhaps, I rise,
Having thrice yawn'd, and rubb'd my Eyes.
Supported on two wooden Thillars,
Like great *Alcides* on his Pillars,
On trusty Crutches down Stairs go,
And drink a Dish of Tea, — or so.
To some green Arbour next repair,
To taste the Morn's refreshing Air.
If *Boreas* blusters, I retire
To Elbow-Chair, and Side of Fire.
Perhaps, play three Hits at Back-Gammon,
Or con a Page in *Cave*, or *Hammond*.
Perhaps, read *Oppian's Halieuticks*,
Or the facetious *D——l on Two Sticks*.

'Till

'Till Beef and Pudding soon intrude,
And offer more substantial Food.

What follows after is the Question ;
I smook a Pipe, to help Digestion :
Like gouty Sires, that Pennance do
In easy Chair, with Velvet Shoe.

THE tuneful Sisters now inspire,
Euterpe bids me touch the Lyre :
Her willing Vassal soon obeys,
And strikes with trembling Hands the Keys :
Attempts the *Solo's* of CORELLI,
Or sprightly Airs of CARBONELLI :
The Lessons set by Signor BABEL,
With all the Swiftnefs I am able.
And I could wish, with all my Heart,
Your Worship here, to bear a Part.
For wou'd you but in Concert join,
You'd much oblige the *Sisters Nine*.





A SECOND
E P I S T L E
To the S A M E.

S I R,



O You the Muse makes her Address,
In Qual'ty of Embassadrefs.
Nor doubts kind Welcome to her Errand,
Who personates your humble Servant.

And may you think her friendly Visit

As entertaining as I wish it.

And know, if she appears but ill,

Her Ladyship's in *Disshabille*.

But, Sir, you must expect no News

From Mount *Parnassus*, or the Muse.

Though restive *Pegasus* has sly Tricks,

He seldom deals in Politicks.

How-

However, this Poetick Scribbling,
 (Though Criticks at it may be nibbling)
 Will serve, at least, your Piple to light,
 The only Way to make it bright !
 May't, like *Champaign*, or sparkling *Sherry*,
 Divert the Spleen, and make you merry.
 Then, since your Absence, you must know,
 I am, dear Friend, in *Statu quo* :
 Like prison'd Knight by Magick Spells,
 Or Squirrel kept in Cage with Bells ;
 I'm pleas'd with my poetick Chyme,
 And wing the lazy Hours with Rhyme.
 Since learned *Horace* somewhere says,
 Brisk Verse our gloomy Care allays.
 True, I'm confin'd ; but what of that ?
 Here resembling P——rs of State :
 'Tis oft the Lot of Small and Great.
 Besides, I this Advantage gain,
 O'er those whom Politicks detain ;
 No watchful *Cerb'rus* guards my Door,
 No haughty Turnkey shews his Pow'r ;

Nor

Nor to my Friends Access denies,
 With stern Grimace, and threat'ning Eyes.
 You wish, I fear too, by the Way Sir,
 I'd been refus'd Pen, Ink, and Paper;
 That your stunn'd Ears might never tingle
 With this Epistolary Jingle.

And yet, methinks, it seems but fair,
 Since I can't walk to take the Air,
 I shou'd have Liberty to ride
 The winged Horse, and get astride:
 Be born aloft, with swift Career,
 On fancy'd Journeys through the Air.
 So have we heard of haggard Witches,
 Mounted on fleet anointed Switches,
 Scamp'ring o'er Hedges, Bogs, and Ditches.

YOUR Patience, Sir, I fear, must droop,
 E'er head-strong *Pegasus* will stop;
 For sev'ral Reasons good. — *Imprimis*,
 You know the Proverb — *Ne quid nimis*:
 This Letter dwindle into Farce;
 The Steed grow dull, and hang an Ar—e.

Yet I must beg you wou'd attend
 One Moment, e'er I make an End ;
 And trespass on your Patience rude,
 Like *Methodists* ; and so conclude.
 And f—th this puts into my Head
 A friendly Visit lately made
 Your humble Servant, by a Parson ;
 I call'd a Chair, he set his A—e on.
 The Bottle's brought ; a Pipe we smoak ;
 Now drink a Glas ; then crack a Joak.
 We talk of grand Affairs of State ;
 Religion, Trade, and G—d knows what.
Ver—n ; or *N—s' Torbay Fleet*,
 Equipp'd for Fighting — or to treat.
 Of *Cat—rt's* Forces : and in Fine,
 He preach'd o'er all Things — but his Wine.

My best Respects to * *Seignior Bassus*,
Apollo's Friend, Son of *Parnassus* ;
 Who has, I'm told, with curious Art,
 In blust'ring Verse, display'd a † F——t ;

* A Gentleman skill'd in Poetry and Musick.

† He wrote a Copy of Verses on this Subject.

And sung the Praises of a Wind
 Whisper'd by bashful Maids behind.
 I hope, t' oblige the World for once,
 He told how many make an Ounce;
 And gave a Phys'cal Reason too,
 Why F——ts are said to burn so blue:
 For Mathematick Point why pass,
 Which nor Length, Breadth, nor Thickness has.
 His Elegiack Strains to show ye,
 He wail'd the hapless Death of || *Cloe*.
 I hope, t' immortalize the Bitch,
 And save from dark Oblivion's Reach;
 He 'as rais'd the Fav'rite to the Sphere,
 And plac'd another *Dog-Star* there.

|| A Favourite Lap Dog.



To



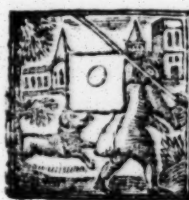
To the AUTHOR of a
MODERN COMEDY.



WAS bravely done, Sir, to reform the Age
 With Precepts grave, and moralize the Stage;
 Thy sober Scenes for Meeting-House are fit:
 Thou writ'st not with, but preacheſt, ſpight of Wit.
 And f—th, t' attack thy Foe, thou'rt in the right.
 Thy tedious Play is with ſuch Dullneſs wrote;
 So pure; not guilty of one Turn of Thought.
 Strange! to believe a COMEDY wou'd hit,
 Stuff'd with ſtarch Rules, without one Dram of Wit.
 As foreign OP'RA's, who can tell, but one Day,
 Thy Scenes, like Sermons, may be play'd on *Sunday*.
 Like Sermons too, this Property they'll keep,
 Of lulling th' tir'd Audience to Sleep.
 Though to thy Play expecting Crowds reſort,
 From diſtant Country, City, and the Court;
 Inſipid Lines thy lab'ring Scenes produce:
 So ſcem'd the Mountain, and brought forth a Mouſe.



To a very Indifferent
P R A C T I T I O N E R
O N T H E
V I O L I N.



ORPHEUS of Old, as Poets tell,
With Musick charm'd his Spouse from Hell:
Which (by the Way Sir) to say true,
Is what Few now-a-days wou'd do.

This *Thracian* Bard drew list'ning Oaks,
And moving Groves with sprightly Stroaks:
With *Crotchet* made Beasts dance, and *Minnum*,
As if the De'l himself was in 'em.
Or have you heard of one *AMPHION*?
(If antient Fame we may rely on)
His pow'rful Notes built *Theban* Wall,
Stones leap'd obedient to his Call;
And Musick did the De'l and all.

}

WHAT though the savage Monarch couch'd
When trembling Strings sweet *ORPHEUS* touch'd?

Though

Though *Bruin* danc'd like any Lady,
 Or tripping Milk-maid on a *May-Day* :
 Your *Crowd* can greater Wonders do,
 Dear *Tom*, — thy Strains can fright them too.
 The boldest Savages wou'd run
 From your shrill Notes, and squalling Tune,
 Sooner than loud Report of Gun. }
 Were you resolv'd to take a Ramble
 To *Africk's* Coast, or Eastern *Bengal* ;
 Or distant Tour to *Northern* Clime make ;
 Or elsewhere (where you please) for Rhyme-sake ;
 You need no more defensive Arms,
 Than *Violin*, 'gainst all Alarms :
 Scar'd at your *Fiddle's* magick Graces,
 Tygers and Wolves will turn their Ar—s.
 But, Sir, let this give no Offence,
 Lest you mistake the *Muse's* Sense ;
 And falsely turn to Rage Satyrick,
 What I design'd for Panegyrick :
 Since greater Glory 'tis, you know,
 To put to Flight, than Truce with Foe.



On a B A D

CONCERT OF MUSICK.

I.



R P H E U S from Hell his Spouse recall'd
With *MUSICK*'s soothing Lays;
In Sounds so harsh this *CONCERT* squall'd,
CORELLI's Ghost did raise.

II.

The *Seignior* frown'd with angry Phiz,
When told, his Strains they play'd :
Then swore, the Notes were none of his ;
So march'd the tuneful Shade.

III.

What though their Instruments in Chyme,
Observ'd no equal Pace :
Nor squeaking *Trebbles* kept due Time
With the hoarse-sounding *Bass*.

IV. This

IV.

This may with any CONCERT vie,
That strikes the trembling String;
Since 'tis the sweetest Harmony,
Which does from Dischords spring.



TOTUS MUNDUS AGIT
HISTRIONEM.



VIDIMUS insignis Spectacula mira Theatris

Mimicus hinc parvo ludit in Orbe labor.

Haud fecus in magno colluditur Orbe : Theatrum

Est Mundus, Scena est Natio, Mimus Homo.



S I S T E

SISTE VIATOR.

Nec mirare,
 Supremo efferri Honore
 Extinctum CATELLUM.
 Sed qualem !
 Cui Forma insignis, Niveusque Candor :
 Morum Gratia, facilesque Lusus ;
 Amor, Obsequium, Fides,
 Delicias Domini fecêre.
 Illo comite,
 Vis Animi herilis delassata,
 Ingenium, mentemque novam fumebat.
 Istis pro Meritis, Herus non ingratus
 Marmoreo defunctum Sepulchro
 Mærens locavit.

A N
E P I T A P H
 O N A
FAVOURITE D O G,

Interr'd in L——d V——t M——th's Park.

WONDER not, Traveller, such Honour's paid
 The Ashes of a Dog, in Marble laid :
 For such He was ! such as 'tis rare to know !
 Of beauteous Form, and white as new-fall'n Snow.
 Of firm Fidelity he liv'd possess'd ;
 And gen'rous Love beat high within his Breast.
 With Actions graceful swept the tainted Lands ;
 Yet most obedient to his Lord's Commands.
 His Master's Darling, and his chief Delight ;
 His intimate Adherent Day and Night.
 If moody Spleen his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,
 TRAY chas'd his Cares, and sooth'd his anxious Breast.
 His weeping Master, mov'd with grateful Sense
 Of so much Worth, and wond'rous Excellence ;
 Bids the damp Marble o'er his Ashes mourn,
 And with relenting Tears bedew his Urn.

On



On a young GENTLEMAN's marrying a
SOUTH-SEA FORTUNE.



SPIRING *Strephon*, flush'd with Dreams of
 State,

Of splendid Equipage, and growing Great;
 Soon weds a Nymph, while rising *South-Sea*
 arms

Her conqu'ring Eyes with Darts, her Face with Charms;
 'Till golden Fortune, with declining Ray,
 Sinks by Degrees, and sets in *Southern Sea*.

He feels the two worst Miseries of Life;
 Lost fancy'd Riches, and has got — a Wife.

Mistaken Youth! to Pride thou fall'st a Martyr;
 For Fairy-Wealth with Freedom's Loss to barter:
 T' attempt a shining Star, and catch a *Tartar*.

Ixion thus, t' enjoy *JOVE*'s Confort proud,
 Aim'd at a Goddess, and embrac'd a Cloud.

DUN-



DUNQUERCA

E V E R S A.



UA' vagus obliquis sinuatur *Colnius* undis,
Ostenditque comas prafinas, frontemque pro-
cellis

Crispatum, juxtâ stetit urbs, firmata potenti
Præsidio *Dunquerca*, ipsæ penè æmula *Troje*.
Hic caput attollens tenues affurgit in Auras
Turris, et excelsa subjectos despicit agros
Culmine ; munitæ cinguntur Vallibus arces,
Ornatus Pacis, longi Fiducia Belli.

LUTEA purpureo surgens *Aurora* cubili
Erubuit, veluti venturæ conscia cædis ;
Cæruleisque caput madidum *Sol* extulit Oris,
Exitij Lux plena, et multæ prodiga Mortit ;

K

Cum

Cum sic alloquitur Turmas MALBROVIUS Heros ;
 Festinate Viri : nec dira Ignavia mentes
 Occupet. En ! invec̃ta superbo Gloria Curru,
 En ! Vestrũm, Patriæque salus, MARS-que ipse vocavit ;
 Aufcultate Deo.

Collocat instructos ante Urbis Mænia, raucæ
 Inde Tubæ, Lituique sonant insignia *Bellicæ*.
 Sanguinolenta tamen Lucis quis Funera fando
 Explicet ? obseffos prosternit Machina Muros
 Fatalis, multoque impletas Milite Turres.
 Funduntur contra ferrati Grandinis imbres
 Cum Strepitu, et vires dat plurima Mortis imago.
 Impavidus furit *Anglorum* Dux, impete facto ;
 Inviolatus adest, caligantesque per ignes,
 Majorique inter flammæ splendore coruscat.
 Sic ubi fulmineæ sinuosa Volumina flammæ
 JUPITER è Cælo contorquet. Tempora circum
 Collecti exiliunt Ignes, haud territus Ille,
 Interea medios premit, illæfususque coactas
 Flammæ inter ovat, jaculataque Fulmina torquet.
 Jam spectat fractos rimanti Lumine muros
 Hostium ; ut esuriens Agnos, sibi Præda futuros

Cum

Cum Lupus inclusos per Rimas cernit Ovili;
 Congressu summo, totis ac Viribus ardet,
 Quas daret Ira, Fames; timidos irrumpit in Agnos
 Victor, et armati fœdantur Sanguine rictus.

Obseffi, velut instigant Discrimina, Telis
 Incumbunt, fato insignes, fortesque periclis.
 Sic ubi cum Catulis exultim ludit in Antro
 Rava Leæna, quasi veteres oblita furores:
 Mox Armorum audita sonos, hominumque minaces
 Concurfus, strepitumque; arrectis auribus adstans
 Combibit incertas voces, dubiosque furores:
 Cum verò infelix turmatos prospicit hostes,
 Cum sibi protensas Hastas, ac Spicula, frendens
 Ore parat rabiem, præcepſque in vulnera sævit,
 Excutiens cervice jubas: Vis deficit Iræ
 Impar, et extremo gemitu moritura recumbit.

Occisi tristes hîc una *Andromacha* plorat
 Conjugis Exequias, et lamentabile Fatum;
 Aut Natam, Natosque ad fata aliena decretos.
 Sic ubi *Trojanos* fines armata propinquat

Græcorum Manus, et Belli fit Fœmina causa;
 Circumstant Urbi Turmæ, instructæque Phalanges
 Obfessæ; tulit illa minas, Bellumque decenne.
 Cum *Teucro* posuit succumbens pulvere collum
 Infelix HECTOR, magni fiducia Regni;
 Defectis tandem DANAIIS Victoria cessit,
 Et cinere est tumulata suo NEPTUNIA Moles.
 Sed nova quid, LUDOVICE, paras Munimina, regni
 Excidium? infausto nam surgunt Omine Turres,
 Principium Belli, et certi Preludia fati.
 Castra quoque, iratâ veluti JUNONE, BRITANNIS
 Procumbent, altique potenti Fulmine Muri.
 En! video armatas hostili More Cohortes,
 Flammantesque faces; truncato vertice vires
 Colligit HYDRA novas; alternos provocat ictus
 Exsurgens spumâ fœcundi Sanguinis hæres.
 Sed tandem HERCULEOS LUDOVICUS sentiet ignes;
 Undanti famo, ac ultricibus obruta flammis
 Urbs nova, nec tumulo, *Phœnix* velut altera, surget.



Conjuratio



Conjuratio PAPISTICA.



U A' vagus obliquis sinuatur *Thamesis* undis,
 Flumineque *Angliacas* volventi allabitur Oras,
 Ingens stat * Moles : excelsa Palatia quon-
 dàm,

Nunc confusa jacet, solis spectanda ruimis.
 Hic ubi conveniunt triplicis Comitia Regni,
 Firmare Imperium, et Rebus succurrere lapsis ;
Papicola en ! Erebi Furijs ultricibus actus
 Exitium *Angliacæ* gentis molitur, et uno,
 Proh Scelus infandum ! Populos involvere fato
 Inde dolos, quales non audet credere Cælo,
 Committit Nocti, tenebrasque inducit opacas,
 Mente parans subitos nitrosi Pulveris ignes,
 Impugnare vices Noctis, tenebrosaque Jura.
Angligenum Deus hinc ex alto despicit Urbi
 Invigilans oculis, et sacras protegit *Ædes*
 Numine felici. Quo Defensore, *Britannum*
 Religio victrix viget, æternumque vigebit.

* *Whitehall.*



SPHÆROMACHIA:

ANGLICE

BOWLING.



UA' quadrata fuis inclusa virescit in Oris
Planities, quam Sole expers Viridarius orto,
Lævigat æquali quâcunque ex parte Cyandro:

Hic locus est, ad quem studio funduntur eodem
Armigerique, Equitesque simul: quos æmulus ardor
Impulit ad Pugnas, Aurique infana cupido.
Vos, o Vulgares animi, procul este profani;
Accipiat nullas Tali Plebecula Sortes.

SACCULUS antiquam referens producit Urnam,
Indice designans sumpto certamina Talo,
In binas Acies; veros disjungit Amicos
Partibus oppositis: primos effecerit hostes
Sic fortuna loci, sua non factura Voluntas.

Mox

Mox cui per multos quadrato limite jactus
 Nota Superficies, facili conamine Metam
 Currentem primus per Sphœristeria mittit.
 Deinde memor laudum, sibi quas Victoria cessit
 Multa, globum dextrâ minitante emittit, at illi
 Cæca rotant circum notos Præpondia tractus,
 Fessæque currendo, Metæ vicina recumbunt.
 Proximus hînc flexis genibus, dextrâque reductâ,
 Metitoque oculis spatio, tentamina sumit
 Artis, at infausto præceps globus impete fertur,
 Per spatium emensum volitans, ac lubrica campi.
 Insequitur currentem, atque anxius imminet orbi,
 Objurgatque fugas, et dat convitia ligno,
 Acrâ difficiles exoptans voce Salebras.
 Sic Deus alatae quondâm vestigia Daphnes
 Urgebat Votis, et toto Numine Amoris :
 Præcipitem quin Spæra viam revolubilis urget,
 Contemnens iras, duræque opprobria linguæ ;
 Inde scopum Vis transcendens, Incilia tangit.

ALTERI at errantis contingit gloria ligni,
 Quod faustè a recto ad Metam trahit insita virtus ;

Mox inter densos furtim dilabitur orbes,
Metæ inclinatum notæ, Orbiculoque recumbens.

QUI Missile tamèn pro forte novissimus urget,
Difficiles aditus videt, incurfusque reclusos ;
Orbatum toto mittit conamine Fulmen,
Impingitque globos, confundens Orbibus Orbes.
Haud citiùs, tenso *Parthorum* emissus ab arcu,
Invehitur calamus : vix diri fulmina *Martis*
Obseffas quatiunt Urbes, majore tumultu.
Euge, inquit, pars, Euge, Virum : fit clamor utrinque ;
Insusat pars Astra, Deosque in vota sinistros.
Proxima quin fessos studijs, *Phæbo*-que calenti
Umbra capit, madidi et libantur pocula *Bacchi*.



Poetae rusticantis literatum Otium, five
 ANDREÆ FRANCISCI LANDESII
 Carmina.



AUDETE Vos O Charites, Cupidinesque ;

LANDESÎ Aureolus Libellus exit :

Quo nil terfius, elegantiusque,

Nil lascivius, proterviusque.

Totus Attico perfluit Lepore,

Totus molliculo calefcit Æstu.

Imitated in *ENGLISH*.



REJOICE ye *Graces*, fmile ye sporting *Loves* ;

The gay LANDESIUS charms the vocal Groves :

With fprightl'eft Elegance, his am'rous Strains

To wanton Dalliance warms th' enkindled Swains.

Each pointed Line with *Attic* Wit o'erflows ;

Each Word with *Cupid's* foftest Rapture glows.

L

In

In Obitum Reverendi Viri
JOHANNIS BARKER, D. D.

Immaturâ Morte prærepti.

FLEBILIS infaustam prætendat *Apollo* Cupressum;
 Lugeat et fractos Diva *Minerva* Choros.

Patronum Virtus, Pastorem Ecclesia ploret,

Qui fidâ vivens fovit utramque Sinu.

Vix vitâ redeunte potens, sua Tempia revisit,

Quin Lux, clara nimis, Fulguris instar, abit.

Vix dubitata Salus dedit hæc Preludia Vitæ,

Quin nullo cita Mors Omine pectus agit.

Quid subitam miramur? an unquam ex tempore vixit,

Tempora Cui Vitæ bis duplicata brevis?

Nescio quid semper Mente immortale parantem

Nulla repentinâ Mors nisi Morte ferat.

Ito *Sancte*! caput plaudentibus infere Cœlis;

Unde æterna tuo Lumine Stella micet.

Ad Superas revocat descendens *Angelus* Oras,

Qui lapsurus è Cœlo credidit esse Fratrem.

Imitated in *ENGLISH*.

TO plaintive Strains let *Phæbus* tune the Lyre ;
 Bearing sad Cypress, mourn his broken Choir.
 Ye widdow'd *Graces*, wail your Patron's Bier ;
 Sob forth th' Heart-breaking Sigh, and drop the floating
 Tear.

Ye hapless Flock lament the Day, when di'd
 Your nurt'ring Shepherd, and a faithful Guide.
 While fault'ring Limbs support his feeble Way,
 At Heav'n's high Throne his grateful Vows to pay,
 Life's shining Lamp, like Lightning, fleets away. }
 Scarce dawning Health had giv'n him to our Eyes,
 But Fate attacks the Fortrefs by Surprise.
 Death must be sudden to the pious Man,
 Each Inch improving of Life's scanty Span.
 Some labour'd Werk still forming in his Mind ;
 Most fit to live ; yet to Death's Stroak resign'd.
 Enthron'd in Bliss, with bright Effulgence shine,
 Sweet *Saint* ! still guide thy Flock with Rays divine.
 Lo ! Guardian Angels pleas'd descend from high,
 To waft a Brother to his native Sky.



In Obitum CERCOPITHECI.



UNERA defuncti dum plorat *Cercopithec*i

CELIA ; perque sinus lacryma multa fluit :
Ingemit, heu ! charoque dat Oscula *Cercopi-*
theco,

Quæ DAMON melius ferre, referre queat.
Pro Patre defuncto nuper, Patriâve labanti
Quæ nunquam lacrymis immadûere, genas
Mortuus an mirum est quod *Cercopithecus* inundet ?
Non *Priamus* tanti, totaque *Troja* fuit.



CELIA's



CELIA's LAMENTATION

For the DEATH of her

MONKEY.



WHILE sobbing CELIA wails her *Monkey's* Bier,
Down her white Bosom floats the trickling
Tear.

Poor *Pug!* she cries; then seals the ardent
Kiss :

Tho' DAMON better cou'd return the Bliss.
In copious Streams she weeps, unbid to flow
For her dead Father, or her Country's Woe.
The tender Nymph's at lesser Grievs unmoved :
Nor Father, Country, was so well below'd.



In Obitum CABALLI.

ATRAS indutæ vestes, lugete Camenæ;
Mortuus heu! fato PEGASUS ipse gravi.
Nos quoque Quadrupedi solvamus Iusta dolendo.
Si poterit meritis solvere Iusta dolor.
Nec toties flexis genibus qui Numen adoret,
Illius in Mores dicere Fama queat.
Jam lacrymæ fatis est: non omni ex parte dolendum;
Cùm Corpus canibus præda voranda manet.
Dum Nos obruimur Tumulo, meliore, *Caballe*,
Tu fato frueris; viva Sepulchra tibi.

On the DEATH of a
 Stumbling H O R S E.

MOURN all the MUSES, clad in Robes of Jet !
 FOXHUNTER's dead ! lament his cruel Fate.
 Ye Sportsmen too, attend his Fun'ral Bier :
 And grace his Merits with a gen'rous Tear.
 Nor 'gainst his Morals ought can Fame inveigh ;
 He went to Pray'rs — full seven Times a Day.
 But cease your Grief, and set to Sorrow Bounds ;
 Since his dead Corpse will feast the scenting Hounds.
 While Man to Dust returns, this HORSE shall have
 A living Sepulchre, a moving Grave.

T H E

THE
POWER OF WINE.
ANACREONTICK.



ILL me a Bumper of rich Wine,
My Soul to chear, and Taste refine:
That while its Praises I rehearse,
The Juice may sparkle in my Verse.
Thou, BACCHUS, but propitious be;
I need invoke no *Muse*, but Thee.
With sov'reign Warmth my Breast inspire:
Parent of Wit, and gen'rous Fire.
For, what's the fam'd *Castalian* Stream,
But Flood of Wine? though some may dream
'Tis common Spring: but let them know it,
Plain Water never made a Poet.
Parnassus too, where *Phæbus* shines,
Is deck'd with clust'ring Grapes and Vines.

HAIL!

HAIL! powerful God! true Source of Joys!
 Whose Gift our gloomy Care destroys.
 Thy Soul-enliv'ning Draughts give Birth
 To sprightly Thoughts, and jocund Mirth.
 So great's thy aiding Force in *War*,
 Inspir'd by Thee, e'en Cowards dare.
 Of what can Hero be afraid,
 With Flasks of Courage in his Head?
 In *Peace* thou greater Feats canst do;
 Kindle Love's Flames, and quench them too.
 Thou rul'st th' Immortals, since we see,
 Both MARS and VENUS yield to Thee.



EPITAPHIUM

I N

ISAICUM NEWTON, Eq^m. Aur^m.

NEWTONUS moritur! tacito Mærore dolendus!
 En! jacet hic. Nôrunt cætera, Scripta, loquî.

M

ADVICE



ADVICE to DAMON.

I.



YOU tell me, DAMON, you're in Love,
For cruel CELIA pining :
Be brisk, if you'd successful prove :
And leave this foolish whining.

II.

Tho' dissembled Coyneſs feigning,
Still attempt the lovely Prize :
Wou'd you know the Fair One's Meaning,
Read it in her ſparkling Eyes.

III.

Swear in her meet all the Graces ;
Clasp her in thy longing Arms :
Thus in Raptures and Embraces,
Sweetly taſte her blooming Charms.

IV.

To the preſſing Son of MARS
Joys of glorious Conqueſt yield :
In *Love's* Campaign, as well as *Wars*,
'Tis the Bold that wins the Field.

A S O N G.

S O N G.



PHILANDER and SYLVIA, the Pride of the Green,
He, Lord of the *Wake*; She, *May's* beauteous
Queen;

Once luckily met in a neighbouring Grove,
Their Vows to renew, and their Joys to improve.
Retiring, at length, to a cool shady Bow'r,
Sat lovingly down, to dally an Hour.

Hard by, in soft Tides, flow'd a murm'ring Stream,
Where the Swain in soft Raptures (for Love was his
Theme)

His Passion avow'd, and discover'd his Flame.

Coy SYLVIA, at first, his Addresses withstood;
And cry'd, but 'twas faintly,—PHILANDER, you're rude.

Young CUPID, above them, wav'd hovering o'er,
And fann'd with gay Pinions the fresh Myrtle Bow'r.

And, like a kind God, to allay the Youth's Pain,
Inclin'd the coy Nymph, and encourag'd the Swain.

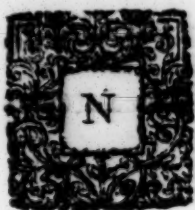
PHILANDER grows bolder, inflam'd by her Charms,
And SYLVIA is wishing to die in his Arms.

Yet blushing she cries — “ I must not comply ;

“ I must not — I dare not : — Yet cannot deny.”

A
S O N G.

I.



O more my Heart shall be subdu'd
By Beauty's flatt'ring Wiles :
But quits th' inglorious Servitude
That waits on faithless Smiles.

II.

Heroes in Battle should maintain

Their Post, or bravely die :

But, *Parthian*-like, in Love's Campaign,

To conquer, we must fly.

T H E
M U S E ' S F A R E W E L L .



S silver Swans, when certain Fate draws nigh,
Warble melodious Numbers e'er they die ;
The tuneful MUSE, exerting all her Fires,
Thus sings her *Elegy*, and then expires.

Farewel ye purling Brooks, *Castalian* Streams,

Whose shaded Banks infuse Poetick Dreams :

Farewel, thou once belov'd *Parnassian* Hill,

Where dwell the *Muses*, and bright Thoughts instill.

Farewel Love-fav'ring, Verse-inspiring Grove ;

Adieu ! to POETRY, adieu ! to LOVE.

T H E

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